

floors were down-trodden earth; a few days before they had been mud. Here they asked for linoleum mats to place beside the beds. Milk was impossible to get, there were no cows; condensed was almost as hard to find. Could they have that, and a few pillows and blankets, medicaments and fortificants? They would be so grateful.

Some one asked me on my return whether I had enjoyed my trip! One

does not enjoy destruction and pain. But I did have the feeling when it was all over that we should be able to bring to hundreds of sufferers some of the necessities that they needed. This in the midst of so much distress and want is not much, but it brings some satisfaction.

There was something vital, something heroic, in the atmosphere of all that region. Mme. C. H. asked me if

I had not felt it. I had. It was not there, amidst all that ruin, but here in Paris, where life is normal, that I experienced a real depression, as if I had lost something I could not get again. But it is a feeling that I have often had when I have gone out from the presence of the wounded and suffering. I can only think that near them, one is near to the soul of things, stripped of all artificialities.

I shop to-morrow and the next day for the Civilians, mostly women and children, in the devastated region, and return with the things later in the week to Noyon and Ham.

Any sum, however small, sent to me in care of Messrs. Morgan, Harjes, Paris, will be promptly acknowledged, and greatly appreciated, and will be spent as the donor desires.

(Signed) EDITH MAY,